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## FISHERMEN ON THE SUSSEX COAST.



J. RIDER, PRINTER,  
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[BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.  
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## ILLUSTRATIONS OF HUMANITY.

## No. XXXVI.—FISHERMEN ON THE SUSSEX COAST.

FISHERMEN are a class by themselves. They live comparatively in a world of their own. In many towns on the southern coast of England, they have scarcely any communication with the other inhabitants. Marriages out of their own circle are unknown. In this respect, as well as in their non-intercourse with the general world, they resemble the gipsies. Their sons take to the net and the oar as if by a species of instinct, as soon as they come of age; while their daughters employ themselves in repairing the damaged tackling, curing the fish, and in attending to other matters connected with the occupation, until they get husbands and houses of their own. The habits, views, prejudices, and a considerable part of the language of the fishermen on most parts of the coast, are peculiar to themselves; and were their nearest neighbour belonging to any of the other classes of the community to spend a week in one of their humble abodes, he would feel himself as much a stranger as if he were living in a foreign land.

Fishermen perform the duties of their occupation with a peculiar pleasure. They engage in their labours with a cordiality which could only result from a passionate fondness for their calling. They know scarcely any thing of that irksomeness of feeling which is so generally observed in those who follow the occupations which are common in our inland cities and towns. The sea may, in a modified sense, be said to be the fisherman's element. At all events he may be considered an amphibious animal, spending no inconsiderable portion of his time on and in the water. If it cannot be literally said in the same sense as it may be of the finny tribe, that he can live, and move, and have his being in the sea, he does not feel the slightest inconvenience from remaining for hours in the water, provided he be allowed to keep his head above it. He never knows what it is to have dry clothes on his back, and yet the damp does not subject him to the slightest inconvenience. It neither injures his health, nor diminishes his enjoyment. Wet clothes are in fact natural to him. Encase him in dry clothes, and he would feel as uncomfortable as a pig would do in a palace. Suffer her pigship to escape from a drawing-room, and she will hie at once to the nearest sty; in like manner clothe a fisherman in dry apparel, and he will hurry to the sea and not feel himself at rest until he has drenched himself with salt water! As for dry boots, stockings, or trowsers, these are things of which he knows nothing experimentally. All his knowledge on the subject is derived from observation or report. His are wet from morning to night, and from night to morning. They are thoroughly soaked all the year through,—from the time he first puts them on until he finally casts them off.

The fisherman inverts the order of nature. He sleeps when the rest of the world are awake, and when

all mankind are wrapt in the embraces of the dormant deity, his eyes are open, and his hands most busy in the avocation which he follows. The moon and the stars are marvellous favourites with him. In the absence of gas-light,—which modern science notwithstanding its wondrous achievements, has not yet applied to the lighting up of the ocean in the dark nights of winter,—he feels and is at all times forward to acknowledge, the deep obligations under which he lies to her lunar majesty, and the lesser luminaries that bespangle and irradiate the firmament. Without their aid he would frequently find himself in a very helpless condition. For the sun, however, he entertains no very great respect. In fact, he not only has no obligations to confess to the sovereign of the skies, but his acquaintance with him is of very limited extent. He and the sun very seldom exchange glances. When he emerges from his home to engage in his calling, the sun very unkindly hurries away to bed in the depths of the Atlantic ocean; and when the sun gets up, he, by way of retaliation, draws in his nets, sets the sail, puts the oar in requisition, and returns to his home with the utmost practicable expedition.

Though the fisherman sooner or later dies like other men, he wears for the larger part of his existence a sort of charmed life. Though constantly exposed at all seasons to the influence of the weather, and though most of his nights are spent amid rain, frost, hail, snow, and salt water, you never hear him complain of cold or illness of any kind. He is the healthiest man alive; and the happiest too, we might have added, when the finny tribe, after whom he is in pursuit, are only so obliging as to allow themselves to be hooked, or entangle themselves in his nets. It is a luxury in the superlative degree to gaze on the countenance of the fisherman, when he reaches the shore with what, in the technical and emphatic language of his tribe, is called, "a good take." The felicity of the general returning from the field of battle, after achieving a triumphant victory, is nothing to his.

It is a curious fact that while the rest of the world imagine fishermen to be always in imminent danger of drowning, we very rarely hear of one of their number meeting with a watery grave. His boat is tossed about in tempestuous weather like a plaything on the waves, and not only looks as if it would every moment upset, but often as if it already had upset. And yet, though thus every instant within a hairbreadth of being swallowed up by the voracious jaws of an angry ocean, the actual catastrophe is one of such rare occurrence, as to form an era in the annals of his calling, when it does take place. Though fishermen live in a great measure on the water, they somehow or other contrive to die on the land.

Our engraving represents two noted fishermen, each a character in his way, who follow their catching profession off the town of Hastings, a favourite watering place on the Sussex coast. Great is the destruction which these two adversaries of the finny fraternity have committed in their day. And yet they have no compunctious visitings on the subject. It is one of

the first principles of their creed, that "killing is no murder." The sketch, we should observe, is not only taken from the life, but is the life itself. It is, as Dominic Sampson would have said, had he seen the original, and then looked on the picture, "prodigiously" true to nature. Its artistical execution is indeed in every respect worthy of the taste and talents of Miss Dudley.

### THE AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.

[FROM MISS SEDGWICK'S LETTERS.]

#### NELSON'S SHIP AT PORTSMOUTH.

We were to go first to the Victory, which is now kept here, 'a kind of toy,' as one of our seamen of the St. James said, but which, in fact, is something more than that—a receiving and drilling ship. We found a boat awaiting us, put (of course by Captain Hall's intervention) at our disposal by the commander of the Victory. It was manned with a dozen youngsters in the Victory's uniform—a white knit woollen blouse, with the word Victory in Marie-Louise blue on the breast. They were stout, ruddy lads. The Victory, you know, is the ship in which Nelson won the battle of Trafalgar, and died in winning it. Captain H. led us to the quarter-deck, and showed us a brass plate inserted in the floor, inscribed with these words, "Here Nelson fell!" This was a thrilling sight to those of us who remembered when Nelson was held as the type of all gallantry, fighting for liberty against the world. R. was obliged to turn away till he could command his emotions, and I thought of the time when we were all children at home, and I saw him running up the lane, tossing his hat into the air, and shouting, "Nelson! Victory!" Truly, "the child is father to the man." We were received very courteously by the commander, Captain S., who invited us into an apartment which, save the ceiling was a little lower, had the aspect of a shore drawing-room: there were sofas, showbooks, flowers, piano, and a prettier garniture than these—a young bride, reminding us, with her pale, delicate face and French millinery, of our fair young countrywomen—quite un-English. The Victory is Captain S.'s home, and the lady was his daughter. We then went into the cockpit, and groped our way to the dark narrow state-room (a midshipman's) where Nelson was carried after he was shot down. Captain H. pointed to the beam where his head lay when he died. There a heroic spirit had passed away, and left a halo in this dark, dismal place. Place and circumstance are never less important to a man than when he is dying, and yet it was a striking contrast (and the world is full of such), the man dying in this wretched, dark, stifling hole, when his name was resounding through all the palaces of Europe, and making our young hearts leap in the New World. Shall I tell you what remembrance touched me most as I stood there?—not his gallant deeds, for they are written in blood, and many a vulgar spirit has achieved such; but the exquisite tenderness gleaming forth in his last words, "Kiss me, Hardy!" These touched the chord of universal humanity.

#### MISS MITFORD.

I had written to Miss Mitford my intention of passing the evening with her, and as we approached her residence, which is in a small village near Reading, I began to feel a little tremulous about meeting my "unknown friend." Captain Hall had made us all merry with anticipating the usual *dénouement* of a mere epistolary acquaintance. Our coachman (who, after our telling him we were Americans,

had complimented us on our speaking English, and "very good English, too") professed an acquaintance of some twenty years' standing with Miss M., and assured us that she was one of the "cleverest women in England," and "the Doctor" (her father,) "an 'earty old boy." And when he reined his horses up to her door, and she appeared to receive us, he said, "Now you would not take that little body there for the great author, would you?" and certainly we should have taken her for nothing but a kindly gentlewoman, who had never gone beyond the narrow sphere of the most refined social life. My foolish misgivings (H. must answer for them) were forgotten in her cordial welcome. K. and I descended from our airy seat; and when Miss M. became aware who M. was, she said, "What! the sister of — pass my door?—that must never be;" so M., nothing loth, joined us. Miss M. is truly "a little body," and dressed a little quaintly, and as unlike as possible to the faces we have seen of her in the magazines, which all have a broad humour, bordering on coarseness. She has a pale grey, soul-lit eye, and hair as white as snow; a wintry sign that has come prematurely upon her, as like signs come upon us, while the year is yet fresh and undecayed. Her voice has a sweet low tone, and her manner a naturalness, frankness, and affectionateness, that we have been so long familiar with in their other modes of manifestation, that it would have been indeed a disappointment not to have found them. She led us directly through her house into her garden—a perfect *bouquet* of flowers. "I must show you my geraniums while it is light," she said, "for I love them next to my father." And they were, indeed, treated like petted children, guarded by a very ingenious contrivance from the rough visitation of the elements. They are all, I believe, seedlings. She raises two crops in a year, and may well pride herself on the variety and beauty of her collection. Geraniums are her favourites; but she does not love others less that she loves these more. The garden is filled, matted with flowering shrubs and vines; the trees are wreathed with honeysuckles and roses; and the girls have brought away the most splendid specimens of heart's-ease to press in their journals. Oh, that I could give some of my countrywomen a vision of this little paradise of flowers, that they might learn how taste and industry, and an earnest love and study of the art of garden-culture, might triumph over small space and small means. Miss M.'s house is, with the exception of certainly not more than two or three, as small and humble as the smallest and humblest of our village of S—; and such is the difference, in some respects, in the modes of expense in this country from ours, she keeps two men-servants, (one a gardener,) two or three maid-servants, and two horses. In this very humble home, which she illustrates as much by her unsparing filial devotion as by her genius, she receives on equal terms the best in the land. Her literary reputation might have gained for her this elevation, but she started on vantage-ground, being allied by blood to the Duke of Bedford's family. We passed a delightful evening, parting with the hope of meeting again, and with a most comfortable feeling that the ideal was converted into the real. So much for our misgivings. Faith is a safer principle than some people hold it to be.

#### THE QUEEN.

The little Queen (*i. e.* Victoria the First!) was in her box behind the curtain, as carefully hidden from her people as an oriental monarch; not from any oriental ideas of the sacredness of her person, but that she may cast off her royal dignity, and have the privilege of enjoying unobserved, as we humble people do. No chariness of her countenance could make her "like the robe pontifical,

ne'er seen but wondered at." She is a plain little body enough, as we saw when she protruded her head to bow to the high people in the box next to her—the Queen Dowager, the Princess Esterhazy, and so on. Ordinary is the word for her; you would not notice her among a hundred others in our village church. Just now she is suffering for the tragedy of Lady Flora, and fears are entertained, whenever she appears, that there will be voices to cry out, "Where is Lady Flora?"—a sound that must pierce the poor young thing's heart. Ah! she has come to the throne when royalty pays quite too dear for its whistle!

#### ROGERS THE POET.

His manners are those of a man of the world (in its best sense,) simple and natural, without any apparent consciousness of name or fame to support. His house, as all the civilized world knows, is a cabinet of art, selected and arranged with consummate taste. The house itself is small: not, I should think, more than twenty-five feet front, and perhaps forty deep, in a most fortunate location, overlooking the Green Park. The first sight of it from the windows produces a sort of coup de théâtre; for you approach the house and enter it by a narrow street. Every inch of it is appropriated to some rare treasure or choice production of art. Besides the pictures (and "What," you might be tempted to ask, "can a man want beside such pictures?") are Etruscan vases (antiques), Egyptian antiquities, casts of the Elgin marbles decorating the staircase wall; and endless adornments of this nature. There are curiosities of another species—rare books, such as a most beautifully illuminated missal, exquisitely delicate paintings, designed for marginal decorations, executed three hundred years ago, and taken from the Vatican by the French—glorious robbers! In a catalogue of his books, in the poet's own beautiful autograph, there were inserted some whimsical titles of books, such as "Nebuchadnezzar on Grasses." But the most interesting thing in all the collection was the original document, with Milton's name, by which he transferred to his publisher, for ten pounds, the copyright of *Paradise Lost*. Next in interest to this was a portfolio, in which were arranged autograph letters from Pope and Dryden, Washington and Franklin, and several from Fox, Sheridan, and Scott, addressed to the poet himself. Among them was that written by Sheridan, just before his death, describing the extremity of his suffering, and praying Rogers to come to him. But I must check myself. A catalogue raisonné of what our eyes but glanced over, would fill folios. I had the pleasure at breakfast of sitting next Mr. Babbage, whose name is so well known among us as the author of the self-calculating machine. He has a most remarkable eye, that looks as it might penetrate science, or anything else he chose to look into. He described the iron steamer now building, which has a larger tonnage than any merchantship in the world, and expressed an opinion that iron ships would supersede all others; and another opinion that much concerns us, and which, I trust, may soon be verified—that in a few years these iron steamers will go to America in seven days! Macaulay was of the party. His conversation resembles his writings; it is rich and delightful, filled with anecdotes and illustrations from the abounding stores of his overflowing mind. Some may think he talks too much; but none, except from their own impatient vanity, could wish it were less. \* \* \*

#### JOANNA BAILLIE.

I believe, of all my pleasures here, dear J. will most envy me that of seeing Joanna Baillie, and of seeing her repeatedly at her own home; the best point of view for all best women. She lives on Hampstead Hill, a few miles

from town, in a modest house, with Miss Agnes Baillie, her only sister, a most kindly and agreeable person. Miss Baillie—I write this for J., for we women always like to know how one another look and dress,—Miss Baillie has a well-preserved appearance; her face has nothing of the vexed or sorrowing expression that is often so deeply stamped by a long experience of life. It indicates a strong mind, great sensibility, and the benevolence that, I believe, always proceeds from it if the mental constitution be a sound one, as it eminently is in Miss Baillie's case. She has a pleasing figure—what we call lady-like—that is, delicate, erect, and graceful; not the large-boned, muscular frame of most English women. She wears her own grey hair—a general fashion, by the way, here, which I wish we elderly ladies of America may have the courage and the taste to imitate; and she wears the prettiest of brown silk gowns and bonnets, fitting the beautiful ideal of an old lady; an ideal she might inspire if it has no pre-existence. You would, of course, expect her to be, as she is, free from pedantry and all modes of affectation; but I think you would be surprised to find yourself forgetting, in a domestic and confiding feeling, that you were talking with the woman whose name is best established among the female writers of her country; in short, forgetting every thing but that you were in the society of a most charming private gentlewoman. She might (would that all female writers could!) take for her device a flower that closes itself against the noontide sun, and unfolds in the evening shadows. We lunched with Miss Baillie. Mr. Tytler the historian, and his sister, were present. Lord Woodhouselee, the intimate friend of Scott, was their father. Joanna Baillie appears to us, from Scott's letters to her, to have been his favourite friend; and the conversation among so many personally familiar with him, naturally turned upon him, and many a pleasant anecdote was told, many a thrilling word quoted. It was pleasant to hear these friends of Scott and Mackenzie talk of them as familiarly as we speak of W. B. and other household friends. They all agreed in describing Mackenzie as a jovial, hearty sort of person, without any indication in his manners and conversation of the exquisite sentiment he infused into his writings. One of the party remembered his coming home one day in great glee from a cockfight, and his wife saying to him, "Oh, Harry, Harry, you put all your feelings on paper."

#### CHANTREY.

I have met many persons here whom to meet was like seeing the originals of familiar pictures. Jane Porter, Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Austin, Lockhart, Milman, Morier, Sir Francis Chantrey, &c. I owed Mrs. Opie a grudge for having made me, in my youth, cry my eyes out over her stories; but her fair, cheerful face forced me to forget it. She long ago forswore the world and its vanities, and adopted the Quaker faith and costume; but I fancied that her elaborate simplicity, and the fashionable little train to her pretty satin gown, indicated how much easier it is to adopt a theory than to change one's habits. Mrs. Austin stands high here for personal character, as well as for the very inferior but undisputed property of literary accomplishments. Her translations are so excellent that they class her with good original writers. If her manners were not strikingly conventional, she would constantly remind me of —; she has the same Madame Roland order of architecture and outside, but she wants her charm of naturalness and attractive sweetness; so it may not seem to Mrs. A.'s sisters and fond friends. A company attitude is rarely anybody's best. There is a most pleasing frankness and social charm in Sir Francis Chantrey's manner. I called him repeatedly Mr. Chantrey, and



begged him to pardon me on the ground of not being "native to the manner." He laughed good-naturedly, and said something of having been longer accustomed to the plebeian designation. I heard from Mr. R. a much stronger illustration than this of this celebrated artist's good sense, and good feeling too. Chantrey was breakfasting with Mr. R., when, pointing to some carving in wood, he asked R. if he remembered that, some twenty years before, he employed a young man to do that work for him? R. had but an indistinct recollection. "I was that young man," resumed Chantrey, "and very glad at that time to earn five shillings a day!" Mr. B. told a pendant to this pretty story. Mr. B. was discussing with Sir Francis the propriety of gilding something, I forget what. B. was sure it could be done, Chantrey as sure it could not; and "I should know," he said, "for I was once apprenticed to a carver and gilder." Perhaps, after all, it is not so crowning a grace in Sir Francis Chantrey to refer to the obscure morning of his brilliant day, as it is a disgrace to the paltry world that it should be so considered.

#### BIOGRAPHY OF A MOUSE.

"BIOGRAPHY of a mouse!" cries the reader; "well, what shall we have next?—what can the writer mean by offering such nonsense for our perusal?" There is no creature, reader, however insignificant and unimportant in the great scale of creation it may appear to us, short-sighted mortals that we are, which is forgotten in the care of our own common Creator; not a sparrow falls to the ground unknown and unpermitted by Him; and whether or not you may derive interest from the biography even of a mouse, you will be able to form a better judgment after, than before, having read my paper.

The mouse belongs to the class *Mammalia*, or the animals which rear their young by suckling them; to the order *Rodentia*, or animals whose teeth are adapted for gnawing; to the genus *Mus*, or Rat kind, and the family of *Mus musculus*, or domestic mouse. The mouse is a singularly beautiful little animal, as no one who examines it attentively, and without prejudice, can fail to discover. Its little body is plump and sleek; its neck short; its head tapering and graceful; and its eyes large, prominent, and sparkling. Its manners are lively and interesting, its agility surprising, and its habits extremely cleanly. There are several varieties of this little creature, amongst which the best known is the common brown mouse of our granaries and store rooms; the Albino, or white mouse, with red eyes; and the black and white mouse, which is more rare and very delicate. I mention these as *varieties*, for I think we may safely regard them as such, from the fact of their propagating unchanged, preserving their difference of hue to the fiftieth generation, and never accidentally occurring amongst the offspring of differently coloured parents.

It is of the white mouse that I am now about to treat, and it is an account of a tame individual of that extremely pretty variety that is designed to form the subject of my present paper.

When I was a boy of about sixteen, I got possession of a white mouse; the little creature was very wild and unsocial at first, but by dint of care and discipline, I succeeded in rendering it familiar. The principal agent I employed towards effecting its domestication was a singular one, and which, though I can assure the reader its effects are speedy and certain, still remains to me inexplicable: this was, ducking in cold water; and by resorting to this simple expedient, I have since succeeded in rendering even the rat as tame and as playful as a kitten. It is

out of my power to explain the manner in which *ducking* operates on the animal subjected to it, but I wish that some physiologist more experienced than I am would give his attention to the subject, and favour the public with the result of his reflections.

At the time that I obtained possession of this mouse, I was residing at Olney, in Buckinghamshire, a village which I presume my readers will recollect as connected with the names of Newton and Cowper; but shortly after having succeeded in rendering it pretty tame, circumstances required my removal to Gloucester, whither I carried my little favourite with me. During the journey I kept the mouse confined in a small wire cage; but while resting at the inn where I passed the night, I adopted the precaution of enveloping the cage in a handkerchief, lest by some untoward circumstance its active little inmate might make its escape. Having thus, as I thought, made all safe, I retired to rest. The moment I awoke in the morning, I sprang from my bed, and went to examine the cage, when, to my infinite consternation, I found it empty! I searched the bed, the room, raised the carpet, examined every nook and corner, but all to no purpose. I dressed myself as hastily as I could, and summoning one of the waiters, an intelligent, good-natured man, I informed him of my loss, and got him to search every room in the house. His investigations, however, proved equally unavailing, and I gave my poor little pet completely up, inwardly hoping, despite of its ingratitude in leaving me, that it might meet with some agreeable mate amongst its brown congeners, and might lead a long and happy life, unchequered by the terrors of the prowling cat, and undangered by the more insidious artifices of the fatal trap. With these reflections I was just getting into the coach which was to convey me upon my road, when a waiter came running to the door, out of breath, exclaiming, "Mr. R., Mr. R., I declare your little mouse is in the kitchen." Begging the coachman to wait an instant, I followed the man to the kitchen, and there, on the hob, seated contentedly in a pudding dish, and devouring its contents with considerable *gout*, was my truant protégé. Once more secured within its cage, and the latter carefully enveloped in a sheet of strong brown paper, upon my knee, I reached Gloucester.

I was here soon subjected to a similar alarm, for one morning the cage was again empty, and my efforts to discover the retreat of the wanderer unavailing as before. This time I had lost him for a week, when one night, in getting into bed, I heard a scrambling in the curtains, and on relighting my candle found the noise to have been occasioned by my mouse, who seemed equally pleased with myself at our reunion. After having thus lost and found my little friend a number of times, I gave up the idea of confining him; and, accordingly, leaving the door of his cage open, I placed it in a corner of my bedroom, and allowed him to go in and out as he pleased. Of this permission he gladly availed himself, but would regularly return to me at intervals of a week or a fortnight, and at such periods of return he was usually much thinner than ordinary; and it was pretty clear that during his visits to his brown acquaintances he fared by no means so well as he did at home.

Sometimes, when he happened to return, as he often did, in the night time, on which occasions his general custom was to come into bed to me, I used, in order to induce him to remain with me until morning, to immerse him in a basin of water, and then let him lie in my bosom, the warmth of which, after his cold bath, commonly insured his stay.

Frequently, while absent on one of his excursions, I would hear an unusual noise in the wainscot, as I lay in

bed, of dozens of mice running backwards and forwards in all directions, and squeaking in much apparent glee. For some time I was puzzled to know whether this unusual disturbance was the result of merriment or quarrelling, and I often trembled for the safety of my pet, alone and unaided, among so many strangers. But a very interesting circumstance occurred one morning, which perfectly re-assured me. It was a bright summer morning, about four o'clock, and I was lying awake, reflecting as to the propriety of turning on my pillow to take another sleep or at once rising, and going forth to enjoy the beauties of awakening nature. While thus meditating, I heard a slight scratching in the wainscot, and looking towards the spot whence the noise proceeded, perceived the head of a mouse peering from a hole. It was instantly withdrawn, but a second was thrust forth. This latter I at once recognised as my own white friend, but so begrimed by soot and dirt that it required an experienced eye to distinguish him from his darker-coated entertainers. He emerged from the hole, and running over to his cage, entered it, and remained for a couple of seconds within it; he then returned to the wainscot, and re-entering the hole, some scrambling and squeaking took place. A second time he came forth, and on this occasion was followed closely, to my no small astonishment, by a brown mouse, who followed him, with much apparent timidity and caution, to his box, and entered it along with him. More astonished at this singular proceeding than I can well express, I lay fixed in mute and breathless attention, to see what would follow next. In about a minute the two mice came forth from the cage, each bearing in its mouth a large piece of bread, which they dragged towards the hole they had previously left. On arriving at it, they entered, but speedily re-appeared, having deposited their burden; and repairing once more to the cage, again loaded themselves with provision, and conveyed it away. This second time they remained within the hole for a much longer period than the first time; and when they again made their appearance, they were attended by three other mice, who, following their leaders to the cage, loaded themselves with bread as did they, and carried away their burdens to the hole. After this I saw them no more that morning, and on rising I discovered that they had carried away every particle of food that the cage contained. Nor was this an isolated instance of their white guest leading them forth to where he knew they should find provender. Day after day, whatever bread or grain I left in the cage was regularly removed, and the duration of my pet's absence was proportionately long. Wishing to learn whether hunger was the actual cause of his return, I no longer left food in his box; and in about a week afterwards, on awaking one morning, I found him sleeping upon the pillow, close to my face, having partly wormed his way under my cheek.

There was a cat in the house, an excellent mouser, and I dreaded lest she should one day meet with and destroy my poor mouse, and I accordingly used all my exertions with those in whose power it was, to obtain her dismissal. She was, however, regarded by those persons as infinitely better entitled to protection and patronage than a mouse, so I was compelled to put up with her presence. People are fond of imputing to cats a supernatural degree of sagacity: they will sometimes go so far as to pronounce them to be genuine *witches*; and really I am scarcely surprised at it, nor perhaps will the reader be, when I tell him the following anecdote.

I was one day entering my apartment, when I was filled with horror at perceiving my mouse picking up some crumbs upon the carpet, beneath the table, and the terrible cat seated upon a chair watching him with what appeared to me to be an expression of sensual anticipation

and concentrated desire. Before I had time to interfere, puss sprang from her chair, and bounded towards the mouse, who, however, far from being terrified at the approach of his natural enemy, scarcely so much as favoured her with a single look. Puss raised her paw and dealt him a gentle tap, when, judge of my astonishment if you can, the little mouse, far from running away, or betraying any marks of fear, raised himself on his legs, cocked his tail, and with a shrill and angry squeak, with which any that have kept tame mice are well acquainted, sprang at and positively *bit* the paw which had struck him. I was paralysed. I could not jump forward to the rescue. I was, as it were, petrified where I stood. But, stranger than all, the cat instead of appearing irritated, or seeming to design mischief, merely stretched out her nose and smelt at her diminutive assailant, and then resuming her place upon the chair, purred herself to sleep. I need not say that I immediately secured the mouse within his cage. Whether the cat on this occasion knew the little animal to be a pet, and as such feared to meddle with it, or whether its boldness had disarmed her, I cannot pretend to explain: I merely state the fact; and I think the reader will allow that it is sufficiently extraordinary.

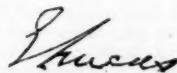
In order to guard against such a dangerous encounter for the future, I got a more secure cage made, of which the bars were so close as to preclude the possibility of egress; and singularly enough, many a morning was I amused by beholding brown mice coming from their holes in the wainscot, and approaching the cage in which their friend was kept, as if in order to condole with him on the subject of his unwonted captivity. Secure, however, as I conceived this new cage to be, my industrious pet contrived to make his escape from it, and in doing so met his death. In my room was a large bureau, with deep, old-fashioned, capacious drawers. Being obliged to go from home for a day, I put the cage containing my little friend into one of these drawers, lest any one should attempt to meddle with it during my absence. On returning, I opened the drawer, and just as I did so, heard a faint squeak, and at the same instant my poor little pet fell from the back of the drawer—lifeless. I took up his body, and placing it in my bosom, did my best to restore it to animation. Alas! it was to no purpose. His little body had been crushed in the crevice at the back part of the drawer, through which he had been endeavouring to escape, and he was really and irrecoverably gone.

#### AUTOGRAPHS AND NOTICES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.—No. X.

WE resume our autographs of late members of the House of Commons, beginning with

MR. LUCAS.

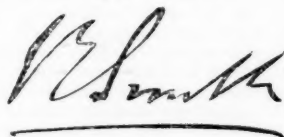
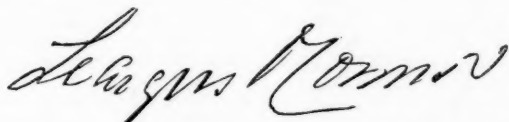
The late member for the county of Monaghan is a very intelligent and excellent man. He is a man, too, of very great talents, though not a popular speaker. He writes a small, cramped hand.



Mr. Lucas is a conservative, but one of the moderate school. He is a well-formed, middle-sized man, with light hair, a clear complexion, and pleasant expression of countenance. His age is about fifty.

MR. ROBERT SMITH.

There are several members of the name Smith, still in Parliament. Our autograph is that of

for many years known as a consistent and zealous friend of civil and religious liberty.

MR. FEARGUS O'CONNOR.

This apostle of Chartism, now about to be released from his eighteen months' imprisonment in York Castle, for political offences, was member for the county of Cork, the Yorkshire of England, in the first reformed Parliament. He writes a fair hand, and is constantly employing his pen in some way or other. He is in every sense of the word an active man.

He is tall and well made, with fair complexion and sandy hair. He has an open, good-humoured countenance, with that marked conformation so general among the natives

of the south of Ireland. Mr. O'Connor's age, forming my opinion from his appearance, I should take to be about forty-five.

## THE LONDON FASHIONABLES.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

GREAT was the excitement produced in the little village of S—, on the announcement, by the village gossips, of the important fact, that a family of aristocratic and fashionable appearance had just alighted from a handsome carriage and pair, and, it was whispered, actually intended to take up their residence at the large, old-fashioned mansion which, on the authority of all the old ladies in the village, had been haunted for the last fifty years. Many were the surmises hazarded as to the rank of the new comers, and many the angry discussions to which they gave rise, till, at last, the universal curiosity was raised to the highest endurable pitch by the appearance of a footman, in gaudy livery, at the gate of the mansion. He crossed the road, followed by the eyes of the inhabitants. Who was the fortunate tradesman that was to be honoured by the first order of the family? It was Mr. Sawkins the grocer. In a few minutes the gaudy footman once more appeared at the shop door, laden with sundry parcels, and followed by Mr. Sawkins, who bowed him across the road, and then retired into his little back parlour with the air of a newly-created knight. The grocer's shop was immediately filled with persons who had just discovered that they were in want of two ounces of tea, or a quarter of a pound of coffee, and who, after the usual preliminaries in the shape of remarks on the state of the weather, and such like every-day topics, "wondered who them stylish people were as had gone into the great house." In reply to these indirect interrogatories, the grocer condescended to retail the intelligence brought him by the footman.—It was the family of Sir Augustus de Vency, baronet, brother-in-law to the Duke of Wicklow, and uncle to Lord Fitz-Maynard, and related, in various degrees of proximity, to the greater portion of the English aristocracy: they had quitted the metropolis in order to enjoy, for a time, the seclusion of country life, and the freshness of country air,—the young baronet expectant being in a delicate state of health.

The public anxiety was relieved, and the little groups of gossips retired to their homes satisfied with this intelligence.

The next day, as the young heir to the baronetcy strolled through the village, many a speculating mamma declared him to be "just the sort of gentleman" as a match for her daughter; and as soon as he made his appearance on his return home, all the windows were occupied by young ladies, dressed in every colour of the rainbow.

"Why I declare," cried Miss Amelia Higgins, "if he ain't a-looking at that ugly, pale-faced girl, Fanny Cloves!"

"Ah!" exclaimed her sister, Miss Deborah, "he's only surprised at her ugliness."

Be that as it might, young De Vency's eyes were fixed on Miss Cloves, who stood at the drawing-room window of one of the largest houses in the village. Mrs. Cloves was delighted, and visions of family mansions, scarlet liveries, and coronets, floated through her imagination.

"Now, Fanny, dear," she exclaimed, when he had turned, with apparent reluctance, from the house, "the next thing is to obtain an introduction to him. To-morrow, if he walks out, you shall go too, and as he passes you, you can drop your fan or your pocket-handkerchief, and let him pick it up."

The good lady had scarcely concluded her instructions to her daughter in the part she was to play, when young De Vency once more passed the window. Silks and satins immediately made their appearance from sundry drawers and trunks; and in an hour or two, Miss Fanny Cloves, enveloped in ribbons and laces, and duly equipped with pocket-handkerchief and fan, sallied forth, to the no small discomfiture of the other ambitious young ladies of S—. She had just passed the last house in the village, when her drooping spirits were revived by the approach of footsteps, at a short distance in the rear;—her heart beat audibly as they drew nearer—she dropped her fan, but no white, diamond-ringed hand appeared. She paused before she stooped to pick it up, and looking round, beheld—Tom, the butcher's boy! Provoking disappointment! From that day, Miss Cloves held the blue smock and worsted leggings of the "profession" in detestation and abhorrence. But again the sound of footsteps saluted her ears, and down went pocket-handkerchief and fan together. Fanny blushed through a thick coating of rouge, as young De Vency presented them to her with a most

fascinating bow. After muttering something about "sorry," and "trouble," in reply to which he said something equally unintelligible about "no trouble," and "happiness," she returned home well satisfied with her achievements. Things ran on smoothly, and time ran on quickly, and in less than six months, young Augustus Leopold de Vency was the accepted lover of Miss Fanny Cloves. The twenty-fifth of August was the day decided on for the celebration of their nuptials, and many indeed were the preparations for the occasion. Miss Keeppiece, the village dressmaker, and her three apprentices, were busily employed for a month previous, in making and altering and trying on the silver-grey satin which was to adorn the person of the future Lady de Vency, at the "hymeneal altar." The only pastrycook of which the village could boast, received an order for a greater quantity of pastry than he had made during his whole residence at S—. Old maids were vexed,—young maids were envious,—gossips were watchful,—Fanny was delighted,—her mother was dignified. The twenty-fifth of August came,—the bridal party was ready to start,—the villagers were on the tip-toe of expectation, but the bridegroom came not. At length a neighbour, the mother of a rival beauty, came, in breathless haste, to bring the news of the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the De Vencys during the night, and wound up her intelligence by enumerating the various "little debts" which they had left undischarged, adding, "I always thought bad of them, and that's why I wouldn't allow my Emily to have anything to say to them."

Mrs. Cloves fainted outright, and Fanny, following her example, screamed lustily for salts, and, seizing a convenient opportunity, went off in a swoon.

\* \* \* \*

When I last visited S—, the neat and somewhat formal appearance of one of the houses attracted my attention. The white sun-blinds at the windows were as clean as if they had just left the laundress's, and each was drawn down to a certain depth. As I stood admiring the peculiar cleanliness of the house, the door opened, and a precise, middle-aged lady, dressed after a rather by-gone fashion, descended the steps. The countenance,—the air,—the voice—were familiar to me, and a second glance convinced me that it was—(still, as I afterwards learned)—Miss Fanny Cloves.

### THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

THAT excellent work of Dr. A. Combe's contains valuable remarks on the skin, and shows what important functions it performs: his recommendations of bathing are worthy much attention; and to indicate to his readers what effectual results may be looked for from various baths, cold, vapour, and warm, &c. he goes on—"They," the French, "consider the bath as a necessary of life, while we still regard it as a luxury. I believe that I am within the truth when I say, that in one hospital in Paris, a greater number of baths have been administered to the poor during the last year (1831), than to the whole working population of Great Britain during the last ten years. In many manufactories where warm water is always obtainable, it would be of very great advantage to have a few baths erected for the use of the operatives. Not only would these be useful in promoting health and cleanliness, but they would, by their refreshing and soothing influence, diminish the craving for stimulus which leads so many to the gin-shop; and, at the same time, calm the irritability of mind so apt to be induced by excessive labour. Where the trade is dirty, as many trades necessarily are, it is needless to say how conducive to health and comfort a tepid bath would be on quitting it

for the day. I have heard with great satisfaction, that the above recommendation has been acted upon in several manufactories, in which the waste warm water from the steam engine is made use of at a very trifling expense. At the Caledonian Pottery, in Glasgow, the Messrs. Murray have fitted up comfortable baths, to which the whole of their work people, with their wives and families, amounting to several hundreds, have weekly access. I trust that ere long their excellent example will be extensively followed. A person of sound health and strength may take a bath at any time, except immediately after meals. But the best time for valetudinarians is in the forenoon or evening, two or three hours after a moderate meal, when the system is invigorated with food, but not oppressed by the labour of digestion. When the bath is delayed till five or six hours after eating, delicate people sometimes become faint under its operation, and, from the absence of a reaction, are rather weakened by the relaxation it then induces. As a general rule, active exertion ought to be avoided for an hour or two after using the warm or tepid bath; and, unless we wish to induce perspiration, it ought not to be taken immediately before going to bed; or, if it is, it ought to be merely tepid, and not of too long duration. For those who are not robust, daily sponging of the body with cold water and vinegar, or with salt water, is the best substitute for the cold bath, and may be resorted to with safety and advantage in most states of the system; especially when care is taken to excite in the surface, by subsequent friction with the flesh brush or hair glove, the healthy glow of reaction. It then becomes an excellent preservative from the effects of changeable weather. When, however, a continued sensation of coldness or chill is perceptible over the body, sponging ought not to be persisted in; dry friction aided by the tepid bath, is then greatly preferable, and often proves highly serviceable in keeping up the due action of the skin."

### ON THE PLEASURES OF POETRY.

Poetry exalts  
Her voice to ages; and informs the page  
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,  
Never to die! the treasure of mankind!  
Their highest honour, and their truest joy.

THOMSON.

In no department of the world of literature, are beauties so alluringly presented, as in that of Poetry;—where nature, beautiful as she appears in herself, is adorned with the glowing robes of genius; and her smiling landscapes, and gorgeous scenery, are rendered yet more attractive to common gaze, by the vivid descriptions of the aspiring sons of song. Poetry has ever had innumerable charms, and powerful influence over the human mind: it attracts admiration by its beauty, and awakens the sympathies of the heart and affections by its touching pathos. Its empire is pure and exalted; for while few will deny that poetry possesses in itself a source of pleasurable emotions, many will admit, that its susceptibility for creating such feelings, is not less than its influence is powerful to inspire high and hallowing thoughts. To a certain extent we are all creatures of susceptibility; for all have a natural relish for that which is grand, beautiful, or sublime; and our admiration once gained, we soon become susceptible of impressions. Hence the power which poetry acquires over our nature. It makes its appeal to our hearts when the bright and glowing feelings of youth are more apt to retain the impressions of its impassioned language;—when the cares and disappointments incident to human life, have not as yet wrecked our hopes, and destroyed our fervent



aspirations,—and having once read in that glowing but varied page, and that too in a season when its beauties, its truths, and its dream-like glories, alike spoke home to our hearts and our feelings, how can we but retain its impressions, and be susceptible of its pleasures, in after years?

The lover of poetic literature has ever before him the means of delight and instruction. To his eye, nature appears in all her bounty, displaying fresh beauties at every step. He gazes abroad on the hills and valleys, when the verdure of spring has clothed them with fertility and beauty; when the flowers of summer have spread their leaves to the sun, and their fragrance perfumes the air; when autumn has shed its dying glories o'er the woods and dales; or when winter comes forth with the voice of tempest and of storm, sublime in its grandeur; and he, while gazing on those scenes in all their varieties of seasons and climate, can find an equal pleasure and delight in all.

And what a world of gorgeous scenery do the realms of poetry reveal! We wander in its rich scenes, listening with delight to the harmony of song, forgetful of the cares and realities of life, while inhaling the fresh and teeming thoughts of poetry and love. Solitude is peopled with creations of fancy, and all that is lovely or fascinating in nature, is clothed in the garb of loveliness. These are scenes we may well linger over; these, delights to be enjoyed only with rapture. Fresh as the blooming morn, the flowery paths of poesy lure us on to pleasure; and as we tread the fertile mead, listening to the deep rich flow of harmony, thoughts of rapture will arise, and waft our dreams to those regions of fiction where poets ever delight to roam. Beautiful indeed are those fairy realms,—teeming ever with delight, pleasure, and enjoyment; and as the mind enraptured wanders through their flowery maze, rich is the golden harvest of high and hallowing thought which it is our pleasure and reward to reap.

The lover of nature must needs be a lover of poetry; for all true and genuine poetic feeling has its origin in an admiration of nature. But, while the poet acknowledges nature as the fount of his inspiration, his flowing measure, eloquent language, and sublime description, present more vividly before us its beauties and its harmony. When describing the more common appearances of nature, however familiar they are to every eye, there is a charm thrown around them by the poet's art, a beauty revealed, and a delight experienced, which were not known before. In the page of poesy there is, as it were, an improvement on the beauties of nature; and while the poet may depict scenes of reality and truth, invigorating them with all the splendour of sublimity, and grandeur of genius, the chief charm of his art consists in the graces which a rich and glowing fancy, a fertile imagination, and an exalted strain, can throw around his theme.

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n;  
And, as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name."—SHAKESPEARE.

Human nature is, to a more or less extent, imbued with a spirit of romance—a relish for that which is strange or uncommon; and while the mind loves to withdraw its thoughts from the realities of life, fancy gladly pictures forth the beautiful land of imagination. This "love for the ideal is enthroned in every reflective heart," and is capable of producing the noblest emotions of the mind, as well as the most thrilling associations of delight. If there is any pleasure to be derived from the exercise of the imagination, how rich and glorious a scope is afforded in the world of poetry! We enter on the scene of enchantment, and songs of melody and love greet us on our entrance. Ro-

mantic visions flit before us. Heroes and heroines, with all the romance of heathen mythology, are called again into existence. We love to linger in that happy land—

"On whose primrose banks the morn  
Awoke most fragrant, and the noon repos'd  
In pomp of lights and shadows most sublime;  
Whose lawns, whose glades, ere human footsteps yet  
Had trac'd an entrance, were the hallow'd haunt  
Of sylvan pow'rs immortal, where they sat  
Oft in the golden age; the nymphs and fauns  
Beneath some arbour branching o'er the flood,  
And leaning round, hung on th' instructive lips  
Of hoary Pan, or o'er some open dale  
Danc'd in light measures to his sev'nfold pipe,  
While Zephyr's wanton hand along their path  
Flung show'rs of painted blossoms, fertile dew,  
And one perpetual spring."—AENSIDE.

Now, we wander over rich Arcadian scenes, where the shepherd's pipe is tuned to songs of love; where graceful nymphs and smiling maids trip gaily along; and where all the charms of pastoral life are made the theme of song. Anon we are transported, as with a fairy wand, and leaving the realms of fiction, the muse reveals, for our instruction, the workings of the human mind,—the depth, the intensity of the heart's affections, and the noble aspirations of virtue, with the sublimity and fidelity of truth. External nature, with all its beauties, its lights and shadows, its hills and valleys, its smiling landscapes and its peaceful oceans, may all receive from the poet's pen a loveliness which may enhance their beauty; but it is, when apparelling in poetic language the sentiments and feelings, the yearnings and reasonings of the human soul, that poetry displays its sublimity and power. In the sublimity of poetry there is something which purifies and elevates the heart; which raises our thoughts from mean pursuits, and which, in the words of Hazlitt, "expands, rarefies, refines, raises our whole being."

Although poetry in its sublimity may produce high and hallowing thoughts, it is not the less capable of creating pleasing impressions, when its strain is of a more soothing nature, or a less elevated theme. "Were it modest," says Steele in the Guardian, "I should profess myself a great admirer of poesy; but that profession is in effect telling the world that I have a heart tender and generous,—a heart that can swell with the joys, or be depressed with the misfortunes of others—nay more, even of imaginary persons; a heart large enough to receive the greatest ideas nature can suggest, and delicate enough to relish the most beautiful; it is desiring mankind to believe that I am capable of entering into all those subtle graces, and all that divine elegance, the enjoyment of which is to be felt only, and not expressed." Such is the true spirit in which to appreciate the beauties, and enjoy the pleasures of poetry; and those who possess this relish for its "subtle graces," and "divine elegance," cannot fail to drink largely from its pure streams of joy.

To such lovers of poetry, how boundless is the scope, and how varied are the scenes of the poetic realms! Do the ever changing, yet still renewing beauties of nature, arrest their eye, or awaken their admiration? If so, the page of poesy reveals its beauties, and gives to its delights the charms of praise and song. "The sweet retreats and flowery solitudes,"—the silent glens, the lofty hills, and the smiling valleys, all, all have been the poet's theme. For to him—

"The deep recess of dusky groves,  
Or forest, where the deer securely roves,  
The fall of waters, and the song of birds,  
And hills that echo to the distant herds,  
Are luxuries excelling all the glare  
The world can boast, and her chief fav'rites share.

With eager step and carelessly array'd,  
 For such a cause the poet seeks the shade,  
 From all he sees he catches new delight,  
 Pleas'd Fancy claps her pinions at the sight,—  
 The rising or the setting orb of day,  
 The clouds that flit, or slowly float away,  
 Nature in all the various shapes she wears,  
 Frowning in storms, or breathing gentle airs.  
 The snowy robe her wintry state assumes,  
 Her summer heats, her fruits, and her perfumes,  
 All, all alike transport the glowing bard."—COWPER.

If to a love of nature, lovers of poetry unite a just appreciation of the power and influence of the heart's affections, how exquisite are the delights, and how thrilling the raptures, which for them the poet's pen describes! The pure emotions of the mind; the gladdening thrill of innocent pleasure; the calm resignation of a sorrow-stricken spirit; the devout aspirations of a purified devotion; and the deep pathos of the heart's affections as they thrill to sensations of joy or sorrow, are all embodied forth in words of glowing eloquence. Those feelings are not merely described as they appear among the great and mighty of the earth, but the poet's genius can also shed around the humble dwellings of lowly life, the charms of his teeming fancy. He sings of the thrilling joys of their hours of pleasure; of the bright visions of their humble hopes; of the peaceful happiness of a contented spirit: and when the sorrows of life invade their once smiling homes, destroying their flowers of hope, and saddening their warm affections, he too can tell in a sorrow-breathing spirit of the griefs that oppress their bosoms, and of their subdued yet earnest sorrow.

In poetry there is a beauty, a power, and an eloquence, that captivates the heart, charms the fancy, and elevates the understanding. It is a power that beautifies and adorns the visible creation; that throws around the intellectual world the fascinations of a rich imagination; that subdues the evil passions of our moral nature, and that raises and refines the more pure and delightful feelings of the heart. In such a world of beauty, as undoubtedly the world of poetry is, there can be few indeed who cannot partake of the pleasures and enjoy the delights it so lavishly provides; who cannot join in the rapturous joy which the poet's gladdening strain calls forth, nor feel their hearts soothed, or their minds delighted, by the sublime soarings of poetic genius. It is indeed a land of pleasure, and of "joy for ever," where, in the words of the poet—

"Not a beauty blows  
 And not an opening blossom breathes in vain."

A. W.

### FRUITS IN ENGLAND IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

THE only kinds named are apples and pears: three hundred of the latter were purchased at Canterbury; probably from the gardens of the monks. It is believed, however, that few other sorts were generally grown in England before the latter end of the fifteenth century; although Matthew Paris, describing the bad season of 1257, observes that "apples were scarce, and pears scarcer, while quinces, vegetables, cherries, plums, and all shell-fruits, were entirely destroyed." These shell-fruits were probably the common hazel-nut, walnuts, and perhaps chestnuts; in 1256 the sheriffs of London were ordered to buy two thousand chestnuts for the king's use. In the wardrobe book of the 14th of Edward the First, before quoted, we find the bill of Nicholas, the royal fruiterer, in which the only fruits mentioned are pears, apples, quinces, medlars, and nuts.

The supply of these from Whitsuntide to November, cost £21. 14s. 1½d. This apparent scarcity of indigenous fruits naturally leads us to the inquiry, what foreign kinds besides those included in the term *spicery*, such as almonds, dates, figs, and raisins, were imported into England in this and the following century? In the time of John, and of Henry the Third, Rochelle was celebrated for its pears and conger eels; the sheriffs of London purchased a hundred of the former for Henry, in 1223. In the 18th of Edward the First, a large Spanish ship came to Portsmouth, out of the cargo of which, the queen bought one frail of Seville figs, one frail of raisins or grapes, one bale of dates, and two hundred and thirty pomegranates, fifteen citrons, and seven oranges. The last item is important, as Le Grand d'Aussy could not trace the orange in France to an earlier date than 1333: here we find it known in England in 1290; and it is probable that this was not its first appearance. The marriage of Edward with Eleanor of Castile naturally led to a greater intercourse with Spain, and consequently to the introduction of other articles of Spanish produce than the leather of Cordova, olive-oil, and rice, which had previously been the principal imports from that fertile country, through the medium of the merchants of Bayonne and Bordeaux. It is to be regretted, that the series of wardrobe books is incomplete, as much additional information on this point might have been derived from them. At all events it appears certain that Europe is indebted to the Arab conquerors of Spain for the introduction of the orange, and not to the Portuguese, who are said to have brought it from China. An English dessert in the thirteenth century must, it is clear, have been composed chiefly of dried and preserved fruits; dates, figs, apples, pears, nuts, and the still common dish of almonds and raisins.

### GENERAL RUN OF FACULTIES.

SOCIETY is a more level surface than we imagine. Wise men or absolute fools are hard to be met with, as there are few giants or dwarfs. The heaviest charge we can bring against the general texture of society is, that it is common-place; and many of those who are singular had better be common-place. Our fancied superiority to others is in some one thing, which we think most of because we excel in it, or have paid most attention to it; whilst we overlook their superiority to us in something else, which they set equal and exclusive store by. This is fortunate for all parties. I never felt myself superior to any one who did not go out of his way to affect qualities which he had not. In his own individual character and line of pursuit, every one has knowledge, experience, and skill; and who shall say which pursuit requires most, thereby proving his own narrowness and incompetence to decide? Particular talent or genius does not imply general capacity. Those who are more versatile are seldom great in any one department; and the stupidest people can generally do something. The highest pre-eminence in any one study commonly arises from the concentration of the attention and faculties on that one study. He who expects from a great name in politics, in philosophy, in art, equal greatness in other things, is little versed in human nature. Our strength lies in our weakness. The learned in books are ignorant of the world. He who is ignorant of books is often well acquainted with other things; for life is of the same length in the learned and the unlearned; the mind cannot be idle; if it is not taken up with one thing, it attends to another through choice or necessity; and the degree of previous capacity in one class or another is a mere lottery.—*Hazlitt's Characteristics.*

## STRAY THOUGHTS.—No. I.

O MEMORY, the Embalmer, thou art as precious as Hope, the Dreamer!

Another man is to us as we view him: thus green spectacles tinge every object with their own hue; and at night the brightest flower is dark.

Men spend their lives in trying to understand each other, and, at the close, are compelled to acknowledge that they cannot even understand themselves.

The best method of checking the frown of a bully, is to become afflicted with "near-sightedness," and not see.

Men are so much engaged in discussing the meaning of words, that they forget that the words are but symbols of things.

Is it not surprising that a liar can believe himself?

Amongst the animal creation, we must seek for the only tale-bearers who are bearable.

The printing-press has been the instrument of conveying the noblest truths, but it has also been the medium of diffusing most pernicious errors:—so the breeze which wafts the flower-odour of Italy, can also convey the poisonous malaria.

"Trust no man," saith the proverb: we would correct this dictum, and say—Place *implicit* reliance on no man, until you can trust yourself.

The humble man requests a favour as though he were unworthy to receive it: but the proud man asks for a favour in the same tone as if he were granting one.

— is perpetually declaring how strong is his hatred of bad men—from this it is obvious that self-love is not one of his failings.

Some men live to eat: others live to drink: some live to dance: others to make fools of themselves; but, varied as are these phases of character, there is one particular in which they all agree—they live to die.

The more unthinking the man, the more general is his devotion to one species of reflection—that which issues from his mirror.

Some men appear to think that they shall reach heaven on the back of a charitable donation.

How many mistakes arise through the confounding of words with things! thus poetry and verse, justice and law, and vice and pleasure, are often conceived to be synonymous terms.

The poet saith that "*worth makes the man*,"—hence we presume originates the tendency of men to inquire, "*How much is the man worth?*"

Men can no more become wise merely by desiring it, than they can reach the summit of Mont Blanc merely by viewing its misty crown through their telescopes; in both cases arduous labour is requisite—exertion being as the turnpike which is erected at the commencement of the road to success, and at which we must pay heavy dues for liberty to pass.

It is a melancholy spectacle to see a man eating, drinking, and gambling away his property; and yet when poverty, and its constant companion, misery, overtake this man, and make him wince beneath their clutch, he will upbraid Providence for allowing him to suffer the mere consequence of his own imprudence. Such conduct is just as reasonable, as for a man to sleep in a ditch, and then complain of the access of fever thereby occasioned.

So great is the power of sympathy, that if one person yawns in a room, nearly the whole company will follow his example.

How many persons profess admiration of historical productions! and yet history is but a chronicle of robbery and murder on a great scale—the life and adventures of Jonathan Wild expanded into twenty volumes.

A sick-bed is a "station house" to which we are often taken by the police constables, Vice and Folly.

To speak of the "wisdom of our ancestors" as superior to that of present times, is to say—"How wise I was when an infant, compared with what I am now that I have attained manhood!"

Glory, what is it? The performance of actions which obtain the praise of men who die while they utter it.

The frigid may scorn enthusiasm if it so please them; but methinks their contempt is lavished in vain, when we can point to the splendid illustrations of enthusiasm which are afforded in the characters of a Jefferson, a Galileo, or a Shakspeare.

"If you educate, you will make the people above their stations." Pardon me, madam, for controverting your fallacy: when *all* are educated, all will be comparatively equal; and hence, though the acquired knowledge will create a different level to that which at present exists, yet it will be a level still.

The changes in the material world offer a meet type of the phases in the moral character of man; for we find alternately prevalent, sunshine and clouds, frowns and smiles. It is well when the frown acts—like the thunder-storm in the heavens—as a clearer of the moral atmosphere.

J. E. HYRCH.

## A CAT AND A MOUSE.

A CAT belonging to Mr. Smith, the respectable bailiff and agent of the earl of Lucan, at Laleham, is in the constant habit of taking her place on the rug before the parlour fire. She had been deprived of all her litter of kittens but one, and her milk probably accommodated her. I mention this in order to account in some degree for the following circumstance. One evening, as the family were seated round the fire, they observed a mouse make its way from a cupboard which was near the fire-place, and lay itself down on the stomach of the cat, as a kitten would do when she is going to suck. Surprised at what they saw, and afraid of disturbing the mouse, which appeared to be full-grown, they did not immediately ascertain whether it was in the act of sucking or not. After remaining with the cat a considerable length of time, it returned to the cupboard. These visits were repeated on several other occasions, and were witnessed by many persons. The cat not only appeared to expect the mouse, but uttered that sort of greeting purr which the animal is so well known to make use of when she is visited by her kitten. The mouse had every appearance of being in the act of sucking the cat, but such was its vigilance that it retreated as soon as a hand was put out to take it up. When the cat, after being absent, returned to the room, her greeting call was made, and the mouse came to her. The attachment which existed between these two incongruous animals could not be mistaken, and it lasted some time. The fate of the mouse, like that of most pets, was a melancholy one. During the absence of its nurse, a strange cat came into the room. The poor mouse, mistaking her for its old friend and protectress, ran out to meet her, and was immediately seized and slain before it could be rescued from her clutches. The grief of the foster-mother was extreme. On returning to the parlour she made her usual call, but no mouse came to meet her. She was restless and uneasy, went mewing about the house, and showed her distress in the most marked manner. What rendered the anecdote I have been relating the more extraordinary, is the fact of the cat being an excellent mouser, and that during the time she was showing so much fondness for the mouse, she was preying upon others with the utmost avidity. She is still alive.—*Jesse's Gleanings.*

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## ADAM'S THANKSGIVING.

BY THE HON. D. G. OSBORNE.

FATHER, thy world was fair and bright,  
Glad were its birds and sweet its flowers;  
And grand thy sun's refulgent light,  
That shone o'er Eden's groves and bowers.  
Creation's boundless store of bliss,  
Thy loving hand for me prepared;  
Yet craved I something more than this,  
My lot, though happy, was *unshared*.

When on each morn and eve I knelt  
To thank thy love for what was given,  
E'en 'mid my prayers, my spirit felt  
A longing, as it rose to heaven.  
Father, I thought one boon from thee,  
One precious boon was still denied me;  
I thought how sweet that prayer would be,  
If there were one to kneel beside me.

Angels of light from those blest skies,  
Beings who hover near thy throne,  
Gazed on me with their radiant eyes,  
And smiled, but yet I felt alone.  
Too pure their holy natures seemed,  
They owned a too celestial ray;  
Not such the mate of whom I dreamed,  
I pined for one of kindred clay.

And I have found that mate at last,  
To fill my bosom's vacant space,  
Another's lot with mine is cast,  
I see another of my race.  
Oh, Father, every charm doth wear,  
In this thine Eden's lovely sphere,  
A glow more bright, a hue more fair,  
Since she, the God-bestowed, is here!

## VARIETIES.

**TRUE AND FALSE RELIGIONS.**—True and false religions are names that easily engage men's affections on the hearing of them; the one being the aversion, the other the desire, at least as they persuade themselves, of all mankind. This makes men forwardly give into these names, wherever they meet with them; and when mention is made of bringing men from a false to the true religion, very often without knowing what is meant by those names, they think nothing can be done too much in such a business, which they entitle for God's honour, and the salvation of men's souls.—*Sunday Times*.

Not on the rich, the titled, nor the proud, are nature's noblest gifts bestowed. No!—nor by these high and haughty ones are they discerned, encouraged, or appreciated in others. Genius may descend to flatter power and worship wealth, and power and wealth may reward the parasite according to his talents; but it has ever been, and ever will be, that the truly independent man—he who, confident of his own powers, and satisfied in his mental resources, seeks no adventitious aid, ever finds the mean in soul prepared to traduce his labours, and in an adverse hour, to blacken and destroy his reputation.

Too many people confound charity with donation; they are satisfied with having given the most ready vent to the generous impulse; they have gratified a high and a low feeling—the kindness, and we fear also, the ostentation. That is not charity which goes about with a white pocket-handkerchief in the hand, and is followed by a flourish of trumpets! No; charity is a calm, severe duty; it must be intellectual to be advantageous. It is a strange mistake that it should be ever considered a merit; its fulfilment is only what we owe to each other, and is a debt never paid to its full extent.

**AN AMERICAN LOCK.**—A recent American paper contains an advertisement, strongly recommending a newly-invented lock; and after giving numerous praises of its various excellences, sums up with the following exceedingly questionable quality for a lock that is intended to be serviceable. "The lock (says the advertisement) has been in use nearly eight years, and although frequently tried, has *never* yet, in any one instance, *been opened*."

**GIPSIES IN ENGLAND.**—Shortly after their first arrival in England, which is upwards of three centuries since, a dreadful persecution was raised against them, the aim of which was their utter extermination; for the being a gipsy was esteemed a crime worthy of death, and the gibbets of England groaned and creaked beneath the weight of gipsy carcases, and the miserable survivors were literally obliged to creep into the earth in order to preserve their lives. But these days passed by; their persecutors became weary of pursuing them; they showed their heads from the holes and caves where they had hidden themselves; they ventured forth, increased in numbers, and each tribe or family choosing a particular circuit, they fairly divided the land among them. In England, the male gipsies are all dealers in horses, and sometimes employ their idle time in mending the tin and copper utensils of the peasantry: the females tell fortunes. They generally pitch their tents in the vicinity of a village or small town by the road side, under the shelter of the hedges and trees. The climate of England is well known to be favourable to beauty, and in no part of the world is the appearance of the gipsies so prepossessing as in that country; their complexion is dark, but not disagreeably so, their faces are oval, their features regular, their foreheads rather low, and their hands and feet small. The men are taller than the English peasantry, and far more active. They all speak the English language with fluency, and in their gait and demeanour are easy and graceful; in both points standing in striking contrast with the peasantry, who in speech are slow and uncouth, and in manner dogged and brutal.—*Barrow's Gipsies of Spain*.

The Baron Beranger relates, that having secured a pick-pocket in the very act of irregular abstraction, he took the liberty of inquiring whether there was any thing in his face that had procured him the honour of his being singled out for such an attempt. "Why, sir," said the fellow, "your face is well enough, but you had on thin shoes and white stockings in dirty weather, and so I made sure you were a flat."

If men would only be determined to overcome a difficulty, they would find it half performed before they thought that they had commenced; it is the want of exertion, and not ability, that makes so many men unsuccessful.

Scandal once brought into active operation is almost incurable; it is a practice against which every man of mind should set his face determinedly, for there is no greater cause of conjugal neglect and domestic bitterness than gossiping.

**GOVERNMENT.**—A man must first govern himself ere he be fit to govern a family; and his family, ere he be fit to bear the government in the commonwealth.—*Sir Walter Raleigh*.

**PERFECTION.**—Aim at perfection in every thing, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.—*Chesterfield*.

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